

Education Defined By Means of Questions

Can You Be Happy Alone? Can You See Good in Everything? These and Others Must Be Answered Affirmatively.

CHICAGO, Aug. 19.—Prof. Frank J. Miller, examiner of secondary schools, said at the junior chapel of the University of Chicago that only those who can answer all of the following questions in the affirmative are educated:

Has education given you sympathy for all good causes? Has it made you easier to interest in them? Has it made you public-spirited, so that you look beyond your own dooryard and take interest in a clean city? Has it made you a brother to the weak?

As to Friends. Have you learned the proper value of money and time? Have you learned to make friends and keep them? Do you know how to be a friend yourself? Can you look an honest man or pure woman straight in the eye? Do you see anything to love in a little child? Will a lone dog follow you in the street? Can you be high-minded and happy in the drudgeries of life?

Can you think washing dishes and hoeing corn are just as compatible with high thinking as playing the piano or playing golf?

Happy Alone? Can you be happy alone? Are you good for anything to yourself? Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents? Can you look into a mud puddle and see the blue sky reflected? Can you see good in everything?

Can you look up to the sky at night and see beyond the stars? Does your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

Prof. Miller said the failure to answer any of these questions affirmatively is enough to send the man or woman who thinks he or she knows it all back among the uneducated.

"The college curriculum does not contain that which is necessary to the education of man," said Prof. Miller. "A man may be graduated and go out into the world and still prey on society, notwithstanding his so-called education."

Conscious on Gallows After Neck Was Broken

Popular Jersey City Pastor Authority for Astounding Occurrence Which Arouses His Opposition to Capital Punishment.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—The Rev. Emil A. Meury, pastor of the Second Reformed Church, one of the best beloved clergymen in Jersey City, a man of sound sense and cool judgment, makes this astonishing statement:

"That to him and five others, a murderer proved, while being executed on the gallows, that he retained consciousness, memory and the power of voluntary motion after his neck was broken. The Rev. Mr. Meury has been chosen to serve on the sheriff's jury at the hanging of Edward F. Tapeley in the Hudson county jail, and has been asked to administer religiously to the doomed man. Like a good citizen, he will serve on the jury, although he is strongly opposed to capital punishment. He says:

Has Seen Seven Hanged. "I have seen seven unfortunate hanged. One was Paul Genz, who was executed in the Hudson county jail April 13, 1897, for the murder of Clara Armin. In the fight I shall make to abolish capital punishment in New Jersey I shall argue that sometimes a man is conscious after his neck is broken. "Paul Genz was in my charge; he and I discussed the question whether a man's brain might be active after his cervical vertebrae were broken. Genz

was certain he would be conscious after his neck was broken. He said to me: 'Watch me closely. After my body is jerked upward and I fall to the rope's end, and my neck is broken, I will wait about a minute; then I will close my hands twice, then once, then twice again. I arrange this signal now so that none of the doubters who may be looking at me can say that my movements are only involuntary twitches.'"

He Gave the Signal. The clergyman continued, solemnly: "When Genz fell, after being jerked into the air by the fall of the weight, his body stiffened. About three-quarters of a minute passed. Then Genz clinched his hands twice, opened them again, closed them once, then twice again. I distinctly saw his pinioned hands make the signal he said he would give me. So did six other men to whom I had told Genz's promise of what he would do. The horror of it was almost overwhelming. "So greatly did Genz dread death on the gallows, despite the Rev. Mr. Meury's soothing ministrations, that he tressed on his cot for only an hour during the night before his execution. In the morning, when only he and the clergyman were in his cell, Genz tried to commit suicide by plunging a pen and its holder into his brain through his eyeballs. The Rev. Mr. Meury seized and held him until keepers overpowered him."

WASHINGTON MAN WHO HAS DRAWN PRIZE IN THE BIG UINTAH INDIAN LAND LOTTERY



WILLIARD D. JONES, Member of the Metropolitan Police, Detailed for Crossing Duty.

TWO WASHINGTON MEN HELD LUCKY NUMBERS

Disbursing Agent of Fish Commission and Policeman Drew Farms on the Newly Opened Uintah Indian Reservation, in Utah.

Two Washington men have been lucky enough thus far to draw prizes in the Uintah, Utah, Indian reservation land lottery, which the Government is conducting in accordance with the usual regulations of Uncle Sam's big realty enterprises in recent years. William P. Titcomb, disbursing agent of the Fish Commission, and Willard D. Jones, policeman at the Pennsylvania avenue and Seventh street crossing, are the lucky men. Neither intends to go to Utah to live, but both hope it may be possible to turn their luck to some financial account. They are looking up the land office regulations on this point. Mr. Titcomb had ticket No. 1015 and Mr. Jones, 1410.

It's a lucky man who draws one of Uncle Sam's good quarter sections nowadays, for the number of applicants is always far in excess of the supply. Uncle Sam hasn't a farm for each of us any longer. When the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota was opened last year, hundreds of thousands of people registered their names to secure chances in the lottery, when only about 2,000 farms were to be given away. And, at that, a majority of those who drew, never paid their money and proved up on the lands. It is pure gambling instinct with most of the people who register for the land lotteries.

NEW JERSEY.

"I think I'll come down to this country and hunt jacksnipe this fall," said the passenger. "I believe there are some jacksnipe here," replied the conductor, punching his ticket. "Some! Why, man alive! there are thousands of them! Look at them!" "Oh, those are mosquitoes," was the reply.—Houston Post.

Sewer Slowly Draining Water From Death Lake

May Be Necessary to Fill in Portion of Pond on Account of Peculiar Construction of Sewer.

Slowly but surely the water from Death Lake, the stagnant pond at Fifteenth and H streets northeast, is being drained off. The sewer, which the brick company, owner of the property, had laid to the main on Bladensburg road, is now in commission, and, although there is not sufficient fall from the bottom of the lake to the level of the main to carry the water off rapidly, it is running out in a steady stream.

A week or ten days ago the depth of the water was about three and a half feet. Now it is estimated at between eighteen inches and two feet.

Decreased Depth.

At the place where the lake empties into the sewer the pipe is now only about half submerged, due, of course, to the decrease in the depth during the last few days.

It is a question whether the pipe will carry any water after it has gone down about six inches more. The sewer has been laid on the least possible grade that will carry the water and, for this

reason, it would not be possible to lower the source.

It is probable that the only complete solution of the nuisance will be to fill in the few remaining inches after the sewer pipe has completed its usefulness. There is no bad odor coming from the remaining water, but mosquitoes still continue to breed there and make themselves almost a pest to residents in the neighborhood.

AMBASSADOR'S BROTHER SHOT WOMAN BY MISTAKE

Baron Albert Speck Von Sternburg Killed Her While He Was Hunting—Is Grieved.

BERLIN, Aug. 19.—Baron Albert Speck Von Sternburg, a brother of the German ambassador at Washington, is disconsolate because, while hunting near Magdeburg, he accidentally shot and killed an old woman who was gathering wood in the forest. He immediately gave himself up to the police. Although it is beyond all doubt that the shooting was accidental, he insists that some punishment should be given to him. Everything is being done to find out whether the woman had any relatives. The baron wants to ask her family to forgive him and would pay them any damages they may want.

"Open an Account at Castelberg's."



Paying Is Little or No Trouble

THE more you think of the "Castelberg-way" of selling Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry on small weekly payments the better you will like it. It is the one way that enables every man and woman in any walk of life to accumulate valuable possession simply by making good use of spare dollars. Our books are open ready for your account any time. And when you buy here you will find that you are paying at least 25 per cent less than you'd pay anywhere else.

\$10 worth costs	50c weekly.
\$15 worth costs	75c weekly.
\$25 worth costs	\$1.00 weekly.
\$50 worth costs	\$1.00 weekly.
\$75 worth costs	\$1.50 weekly.
\$100 worth costs	\$2.00 weekly.

CASTELBERG'S,

Washington's Leading Jewelers and Opticians,
935 Pennsylvania Avenue.

Cash Prizes For Good Stories Told By Sunday Times Readers

To Secure for Publication an Interesting Collection of Short Stories or Anecdotes

The Washington Sunday Times

Makes the Following Offer:

Eight prizes will be awarded each week to the eight readers of The Sunday Times who submit the best original stories dealing with anecdotes of well-known people, incidents of everyday life, bright sayings, queer doings, jokes and jests.

Each week, until further notice, for the best short story or anecdote The Sunday Times will pay \$5; for the next best \$3 will be given, and for the next \$2. Five awards of \$1 each will also be made, making eight cash prizes in all each week.

The Sunday Times reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted, both the prize winners and those which receive no award.

To Give an Idea of the Character of Stories Desired, the Following Specimen is Published:

HOW BLACKMAR SAVED HIS LIFE

This story is told at the expense of the late Gen. Wilmon W. Blackmar: General Blackmar was attending a camp, when he was approached by a seedy-looking man, who greeted him profusely. The general shrugged his shoulders and turned away, with the remark that they were not acquainted.

"But, general," said the stranger, "don't you remember how you saved my life at the battle of the Wilderness?"

General Blackmar at once became interested, and he called a group of comrades over to listen, saying: "I saved this man's life once. How was it done, old comrade?"

"It was this way," was the response. "We were on a hill, and the enemy advanced steadily toward our intrenchments. A veritable hail of fire swept our position. Suddenly you turned"—here the auditors were absorbed and excited—"and ran, and I ran after you. I think that if you hadn't shown the example I would have been killed that day."

It is desirable that, whenever possible, the names of the persons concerned in the story be given.

Make your stories as short and to the point as possible. No story of more than three hundred words will be considered, and brevity under that limit will count as a point in awarding prizes.

Write on one side of the paper only, and, if possible, get your story or anecdote on one or two sheets.

Do not fail to write your name and address plainly at the top of the first page of every story, no matter whether you send a dozen in the same envelope. Each must be considered separately.

Under no circumstances will stories or anecdotes be returned, even if stamps are inclosed.

Address Sunday Story Page, Washington Times